PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-37

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. 6 • NO. 19 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MAY 7, 1937 5 CENTS

SO WHAT?

It has been reported to us on pretty good authority that over in Europe or the British Isles they are spending forty-two million dollars, or thereabouts, to crown a king or something or other.

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WE OFFER AN APOLOGY TO A GENTHE

THE CYMBAL owes an apology to Arnold Genthe or Adolph Genthe—we are not sure which. But we herewith make the apology, cast it in the air, so to speak, and let either of them; or both, bring it down on the wing. Our "What's Going On in the Other Village," gossip about San Francisco's theater offerings, bore the signature last week of Arnold Genthe. It should have been Adolph Genthe. Arnold records what he sees, even what he hears, through the lens of a camera, and with consummate skill. Adolph uses the printed word, and, too, with considerable skill. His column will be a regular feature in THE CYMBAL.

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WHAT ABOUT THIS PAY RAISE FOR BARDARSON?

We note that the board of trustees of the Sunset School District has raised the salary of O. W. Bardarson, superintendent of the district and principal of Sunset School, from $3900 to $4200. That's too bad. It's not enough. For O. W. Bardarson it isn't.

We belong to that school of thought and reaction which contends that the educators of our children who, by the way, prove also and more so year by year their mentors in other phases of life, are not paid nearly enough. When they are just ordinarily good, they are not paid enough. When they are exceptional and exceptionally successful in their line of life, they are not paid nearly enough. Bardarson belongs in the latter category. He has made, and is continuing to make, as term follows term, an unusually fine school of Sunset. He has that breadth of thought, together with an elasticity of vision that make him particularly fit for his job here in Carmel. But he would be a fine principal anywhere, which is just another reason why he should receive every inducement to stay here. Ordinarily good educators and school executives are not easy to find. Exceptional ones are correspondingly harder to find—and to keep. The Sunset School District trustees are to be congratulated on their wisdom in paying Bardarson a salary more commensurate with the sort of school principal he is, and their foresight in endeavoring to keep him satisfied where he is.

That might suggest that Bardarson is mercenary; that he makes a business of his job, not appropriate to the nature of it. We don't believe this to be true, but we wouldn't care whether it were true or not. Our concern is with the children of Carmel; those who are to step eventually into the places so many of us so illy fill. Whatever Bardarson considers his work in his own mind doesn't concern us, or it doesn't concern us much. The thing with us is that he is making a success of it; that he is liked and admired by the pupils and faculty of his school, and that he is keeping Sunset high

(Continued on Page Two)

COUNCIL NAMES PLAYGROUND AND PARK BOARD

Carmel now has a park and playground commission.

It was appointed Wednesday night by the city council.

Corum B. Jackson is its temporary chairman, pending organization, and the other members are Miss Gertrude Rendtorff, Lita Bathen, George M. Whitcomb and Mrs. Paul Flanders.

The terms of the first five named are to run one, two, three, four and five years. Each year for the next five years one is to be named to fill the vacancy occurring. Each new appointment, to be made by the council, is to serve a four-year term. On the resignation, death or otherwise retirement of a member, the board itself will appoint on the approval of the city council.

The new commission is, of course, to look after our parks and playgrounds, what there are lamentably few of, if any, and recommend improvements and acquisition of equipment within the confines of their budget. It is to make an annual report to the council on activities of the year.

The members are to serve without pay.

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Golden Bough Ruins Must Be Removed

Edward Gerhard Kuster is to be told, officially, and with no mincing of words, that unless he does something about removing the ruins of his Theatre of The Golden Bough, which threatens to fall down to the possible injury of a person or persons unknown at the present, something of a legal nature will fall on him.

Such was the decision of the city council Wednesday night and it devolves on Saidee Van Brower so to inform Kuster who is at present in San Francisco conducting the affairs of his Golden Bough Theatre in that "other village."

Added to the contended menace of the standing ruins is the statement of Birney Adams, building inspector, as voiced at the council meeting, that the fallen timbers, split up and dried out, constitute a fire hazard that threatens surrounding structures.

What an ignominious fate for what stood as such a joy in the heart of Carmel! A Grecian marble may fall and shatter the firm, softness of its breasts, the majestic beauty of its brow and he may kick it from his path who will.

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FRED AND CLARA BUILDING MAY BE READY IN JUNE

Like Jim Farley in the matter of electing presidents, when this man Stoney starts building a building he doesn't fool around. It looks very much right now as though the anticipating occupants of the new Fred and Clara building (what's the matter with that for a name?—we're getting tired of Leidig, there's so darned many of them) will get their goods and chattels in by the first of June, or thereabout. There's only left to do the plastering and the finish to be slapped on the outside of the structure.—

CAMPBELL CALLS COUNCIL BACK INTO LATE SESSION TO MAKE PAID FIREMEN APPOINTMENTS; GUTH FINALLY OFF POLICE

Well, the two paid firemen are finally appointed, but it took all hell and high water to accomplish it.

As a result of the re-convened session of the city council Wednesday night, necessary for the legislation which should have taken place three weeks ago, Argyll Campbell went home on the verge of nervous prostration and Councilman Bernard Rowntree Thursday morning had to make up sleep he lost when he was called back from home to announce his appointments of Charlie Guth and Vincent Williams and vote on the council's approval of same.

We also got Charlie Guth off the police department, but only after Chief Bob Norton, with a sudden flare of compassion and friendliness for his former patrolman, made a plea that the council not "vacate" the office as though Charlie were fired, but let him go to Charlie's house and get a signed resignation.

The spark that sent up the first skyrocket in THE CYMBAL's Roman holiday, marking one of the funniest and, perhaps, the most absurd sessions a Carmel city council has ever held, was touched to the fuse by the annoying editor of THE CYMBAL at 10:20 o'clock after the council had adjourned and there was just playful discussion of mat-

(Continued on Page Seven)

HERE'S OUR FERVENT HOPE THAT F. R. BECHDOLT'S PINE CONE DOESN'T KILL ANYBODY

Dear Fred:

Do you remember about killing that man? No, of course you wouldn't—that is, you wouldn't want to. It's easy to forget something you don't want to remember—even killing a man. But you did kill him. Not so indirectly, either. You did it with your pen or, rather, if we must be modern—you dropped a typewriter on his head. And no jury would convict you at the time—so why worry about my dragging up the case now? If a jury wouldn't then, it won't today. Anyway, he should have been killed. Or so say the capital punishment adherents. He had done some killing on his own hook. It was, in a manner, coming to him.

You remember the case of the street car conductor who lived in Emeryville? He reported one day to the Emeryville police, or the Alameda County sheriff's office, that his wife was missing. True, enough, she was. The police undertook to help the mournful guy find her.

They lived, or together they had lived, in a little erect-'em-over-night house out in the middle of a wide treeless space which you, then on the San Francisco *Call*'s editorial staff, poetically referred to in your stories as a "lonely moor." They always reminded me of Thomas Hardy, but never of the place where the street car conductor and his wife had their home. However, it *was* lonely as I, a cub reporter then on the Oakland *Tribune*, can so well remember.

You were in San Francisco, of course, and had been sent over on one or two occasions while we were looking for the guy's wife, to write feature stories on the hunt. You did write them, and well, too—lonely moor, and everything.

There was a certain excitement about this case, a certain mysticism which I remember I couldn't quite get my hands, or my typewriter, on. I remember that for some reason or other we decided, aided and abetted by what the husband told us, that his wife had croaked herself, or had been murdered. The hunt had gradually focussed on a point in the neighborhood of a small mattress factory on the edge of your lonely moor. Why, I don't remember now, but it did. And near this factory was a slough

(Continued on Page Eight)

Buy a Whist Ticket and Help Buy Firemen Salt Cellar or Two

If a couple of salt cellars, a knitted holder or two and a sink strainer don't come out of the proceeds of the whist party in the new fire house this coming Thursday night it won't be the fault of Mrs. Billy France, Mrs. Bob Leidig, Mrs. Roy Walls, Mrs. Johnny Weigold, Chief Bob himself and the committees they head.

These (we don't know how Bob gets into it) are the feminine contingent which makes, or who make, lives of firemen bearable, and they call themselves an Auxiliary. If you call them that yourself and then get them to concentrate on the meaning of the word, you'd get 'em mad. Auxiliary, your right eye, so they would say, we're no spare tires; we're the bloomin' engine and the hood, and not so under the hood, either.

However, they are giving a whist party, right under the fire trucks—no, that's wrong—right where the fire trucks are now, but won't be Thursday night while the whist is on. They'll be run outside in the street, ready either to put out a fire outside, or any that might start inside round and about somebody who reneges.

Nevertheless, they are giving a bridge party, and the proceeds will go toward furnishing the kitchen in the firemen's living quarters upstairs, and you should buy a ticket to help get the salt cellars, knitted holders and sink strainers. If you don't you can't ever go upstairs and see the firemen or eat with them the messes they'll probably concoct. That's our own private ultimatum.

TEACHERS ALL RE-NAMED AT SUNSET; TILT IN PAY FOR BARDARSON

There will be no sit-down strikes at Sunset School. The entire teaching staff has been re-appointed for the next school year which, by the way, will commence on August 30.

Also, the board of trustees of the Sunset School District, sitting in solemn conclave, en banc, as it were, Wednesday, voted the regular increases in salaries for the teachers, based on the sliding scale for length of service.

The most important step taken in the matter of salaries was the increase of the annual stipend of O. W. Bardarson, principal of the school and superintendent of the district, from $3900 to $4200. THE CYMBAL comments elsewhere about this action.

It was decided by the trustees that the Sunset graduation exercises will be held Tuesday evening, June 8.

Fixed chairs for the balcony of the auditorium have been ordered and Mrs. Levinson recommended that the chairs and other repairs in the hall be made either before July 19 or after July 26 because of the Bach Festival.

A letter was read from J. W. Allen, the school boiler inspector, stating that he had found the furnace in good condition and well cared for.

Two new positions were created—that of athletic coach and chairman of the library committee. Nominations will be announced later. Also the office of school secretary will be enlarged to a full-time job with two weeks' vacation and will include secretarial work for the board meetings.

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Just Look Over These Figgers

April 1936 is made to look pretty silly by April 1937 in the matter of building permits, according to Birney Adams, city building inspector, in his report to the city council Wednesday night. Says Birney: There were 16 permits issued last month for structures within the corporate limits of Carmel and their approximate cost totalled $40,868. The figure for April of last year was $28,490. These property owners and builders are getting rather out o' hand. The words "vacant lot" look destined to slip out of our vocabularies.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *last week (issue of April 30, 1937) was as follows:*

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District	361
Outside Carmel District	127
Newsstand Sales	133
Total	621
Gain over previous week . . .	9

(You may be interested in knowing that in Carmel only THE CYMBAL *publishes weekly a circulation statement. There's a very good reason why only* THE CYMBAL *does.)*

in educational standards, and more importantly that he heads a faculty which is giving exceptional training along moral as well as educational lines to the children of Carmel.

We know what we are talking about because it is brought home to us about 3:35 every school afternoon—in a dusty polo shirt and somewhat grimy jeans.

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WE AGREE WITH BERNARD ROWNTREE, BUT——

At a recent meeting of the city council, when Captain Shelburn Robison was presenting his proposition for a federal appropriation for a new post office site and building in Carmel, Councilman Bernard Rowntree was overheard to remark: "I'm satisfied with the present post office."

In quite a large way we are inclined to agree with Councilman Rowntree. We, too, are satisfied with the present post office, and our reason for the satisfaction is, we believe, akin to the councilman's. The present post office, in size and appointments, is reminiscent of the old post office on Dolores street. There is little to choose between them in interior appearance and atmosphere. For that we like the present one. It reminds us of the old. And the old was a part of Carmel for many a year, a part of the old Carmel. We intend not to wax sentimental in regard to this old Carmel idea, but we have no shame in declaring outright that we preferred it most considerably to the present Carmel. It is, then, solely on the ground that the present post office resembles the old, and that the old was much of the old Carmel, that we are satisfied with it.

But this sentiment, if you will, can't and won't stand up against things as they are, things as they are bound to be. We liked walking down Ocean avenue on board sidewalks better than we do walking on the present cement ones, but the present cement ones were inevitable. So, also, is a new post office in Carmel, a post office owned by the federal government. It is just as inevitable as cement sidewalks in the residential sections of the village. It is just as inevitable as is, eventually, another patrolman in the police department.

There are some so-called forms of progress that you can stop indefinitely. Bathhouses and refreshment stands on our beach can be stopped—indefinitely. Despoliation of the sanddunes by the invasion of "improvements" can be stopped indefinitely. But a new and larger post office building, one owned by the federal government, building and all, cannot be stopped indefinitely. It cannot be stopped very much longer, no matter how much we all, or a greater part of us, may want to retain the old.

Therefore, dealing, in the words of Grover Cleveland, with a condition and not a theory, it behooves us to try to have something to say, as nearly as we can, about this new post office; that is, about the site of it, and the sight of it, for that matter. Only through action as soon as possible in getting the government to do something about it, can we have anything like a say as to the site. Only now can we have much to do with where that post office shall be.

Year by year, almost week by week, with the way building is going on now, are available places for a federal building in Carmel diminishing. With the opening of the San Simeon highway more people are going to get familiar with Carmel and consequently be familiar with it. The town, in other words, is not only growing surprisingly at the present time, but it is bound to grow with increasing surprise within the next five years. Possible post office sites will dwindle with that growth.

Unless, then, we want a post office building so far away from the center of the town that we will have to use gasoline to get to and from it when we want to combine gathering the mail with gathering the groceries and the latest scandal, we had better take this opportunity to get it nailed down.

So, those who, like Councilman Rowntree and ourselves, are satisfied with the present post office, had better stop and realize that we cannot keep it forever; that, in fact, we cannot keep it much longer. We had better arrive at the conclusion that eventually we will have to get a new post office and that we had better do the getting while the getting is good.

THE CYMBAL has remarked before on occasion the present political set-up is about perfect for getting it now. Let's grit our teeth, cover our eyes, weep our silent tears—and sign the petition.

—W. K. B.

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ETHEL WARREN MADE THEM WAIT NEVERTHELESS

There are lots of stories running around town about the Physicians' Convention, but we thought this one was pretty good.

Ethel Warren, curator of the Carmel Art Association Gallery, was called the other morning and a man's voice asked if a group could come up to see the pictures. The gallery is open only in the afternoon, so Ethel told him he would have to wait for a half an hour as she wasn't dressed. "Oh, that's all right," came the voice over the wire, "we're doctors."

Ethel made them wait.

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MOIRA WALLACE SENDING MURALS TO WASHINGTON

Friends of Moira Wallace Harnden will be happy to know that she has recently sent sketches for a mural to Washington, D.C., having been chosen for this honor along with three other artists from more than 200. Moira and husband Peter were in town for a few days recently. We wonder if those awful mud steps going down to the Harnden estate on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco were washed away in the last deluge. But they do have such a glorious view!

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VALENTINE PORTER HEADS RADCLIFFE ASSOCIATION

An eastern paper recently published pictures of four student officers of Radcliffe College and we note that two of them are Valentine Porter, whose home is in Carmel, and Florence Erskine of San Anselmo, California, whose family have a home here. Valentine is president of the Student Government Association at Radcliffe, and Florence is president of the Junior Class. Almost tops for California.

CARMEL CAPERS

We would like to know the reactions of our ever-indulgent readers toward a "Junior Townsend Plan" whereby one would be pensioned during his youth, probably between the ages of 6 and 60.

A pensioner would thus be enabled to surfeit himself with life at a time when he was physically, mentally and emotionally equipped to do so. Upon reaching the age of 60, he would start docilely (perhaps even gratefully) to labor; all passions spent.

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Dick Parks, Condor airline pilot, was zooming into Salinas just as we were driving through on a return trip from San Francisco. So we dashed into the airport and bet him that we could beat him to Del Monte.

It is not without chagrin that we report that he bettered our time by about 15 minutes. Of course he had the enormous advantage of flying right over the hill in a straight line whilst we were compelled to pursue the devious highway as it wound tortuously through the congestion of Salinas. We also slowed down as we passed Stevie Field's white fence and peaked through the interstices for wild boar, or Stevie, or his new bride.

Upon our belated arrival at Del Monte airport, we went with Dick to Monterey to have a Coca-Cola. Incidentally, this was only his second trip to that metropolis although he has been flying between here and San Francisco for over a year.

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Happy Whyte, that pert little girl from the prairies, was the inspiration for much festivity last week: Sammy Sierka gave a very successful luncheon at the Blue Bird Thursday, and Happy assumes full responsibility for the somewhat riotous goings-on which took place at the home of her uncle, Paul Flanders, the same evening.

Happy, by the way, is the perfect Carmel hostess as she finds it possible to maintain an attitude of friendly hospitality from 5 p.m. until 5 a.m. the next morning.

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Apropos of cocktail parties, it would appear that they are unable to exist without the presence of at least one young man who is very tired of it all and circulates mournfully between guests declaiming on the futility of life in general and of such frivolous functions, in particular. Incidentally, it is invariably the same young man who outdrinks and out-stays all the less world-weary victims of his peripatetic philosophy and is usually swept out from under a davenport several days later.

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We were not going to tell anyone about Jon Konigshofer, a talented and personable young architect, who came here to work for M. J. Murphy, as we did not want him too widely advertised.

But now that his very charming friend, a Miss Frances Wardner, has arrived, we realize that he is far from being our exclusive discovery, and we might as well be big about the thing and tell everyone that here he is and we hope he stays.

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Bobby Smith has a good definition: A dilettante is a male debutante, says he.

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Carmel maintained its usual tranquillity over May Day which was distinguished neither by the traditional gesture of dancing about a Maypole, nor by any subversive act, although the department of streets reports the loss of one red flag from a WPA reparation project.

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The medical fraternity will probably be not unduly grieved by the fact that we, a simple layman (constituting but a mass of insensate flesh and dangling, undirected ganglia), considered their graphic display of human configurations, disfigurations and ailments somewhat inappropriate to the presumably festive atmosphere of the Del Monte halls on Saturday night.

Even the vast sign, saying "Believe it or nots in Urology," which was conspicuously placed at the entrance to the Bali room, did not, in our unscientific opinion, add immeasurably to the glamour of the occasion.

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We wish to warn Happy Whyte that she can murder her beloved grandmother with an axe or have quintuplets next week without receiving any more publicity in these columns because we are frankly tired to death of giving her so much space.

Nevertheless, we feel compelled, in the line of duty, to report that she has secured a position as hostess at the slowly evolving Mission Ranch Club, and is planning to remain in Carmel pretty indefinitely.

—LIBBY LEY

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JUNE DELIGHT PLANS FOR DANCE RECITAL

June Delight (Mrs. Jack Canoles) will present some 60 of her pupils in a dance recital at Sunset Auditorium Saturday evening, the 22nd of May. The pupils are doing extensive training in preparation for the big recital.

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How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

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Two Carmel Boys Going To Scout Jamboree

Twe Carmel Jacks, Pelton and Coates, are going to the Big Scout Jamboree at Washington, D.C., which will be held June 30 to July 9. Jack Pelton expects to leave Carmel June 25 and will be the lone Carmel troop representative as Jack Coates, who has been attending Sunset School and attending meetings of Troop 86, will return to his home in Wyoming and go with his home town Troop.

Mrs. D. A. Pelton, mother of the most excited scouter in the Village, says that the boys will camp for 10 days on the shores of the Potomac River. About 25,000 Scouts will gather for roll call and mess and all the many activities which the National Committee have provided for their entertainment. The boys will return home by way of Canada and will spend three days in a hotel in New York. They will visit Montreal, Ottawa, Jasper National Park and Vancouver and will arrive home just bursting with news and stories.

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Ambulance Fund Starts with $500

The ambulance fund, sponsored by Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, has been started through the subscription of $500 by a prominent Carmel woman. This subscription was made with the understanding that the balance of the fund be subscribed by our citizens. Mrs. Alfred Mathews, member of the executive committee, reported this first subscription to the committee at its meeting on Wednesday without disclosing the donor's name.

From the ambulance committee —H. S. Crossman and J. L. Cockburn—came the report that an ambulance suitable to the needs of the Carmel district could be purchased for the sum of $1800. This would include special Red Cross equipment, flood lights, fig lights and siren.

Carmel has been most responsive to the recall for relief and the support given Red Cross in all of its local and national humanitarian efforts has been most liberal.

After due consideration, the Red Cross committee determined not to attempt an intensive campaign for an ambulance but to give the people an opportunity to subscribe through the two banks and at Red Cross headquarters on Dolores street.

Carmel needs an ambulance. There is space in the new fire house for it and it can be operated by members of the rescue squad, many of whom already possess Red Cross first-aid certificates.

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FEDERAL WRITERS PROJECT PLANS TO RE-OPEN HERE

The Federal Writers' Project plans to reopen in Carmel as soon as the requisite number of writers who are on relief have been gathered together. The new supervisor of the project is Mrs. William Irwin of Brookdale, in the Santa Cruz mountains. Mrs. Irwin has been the supervisor of the Historical Records Survey Project for District 9 and part of 10, with headquarters in San Jose.

Will Irwin, Jr., husband of the new supervisor, is an artist of note and did one of the oil paintings now hanging in the Monterey Customs House. He and Mrs. Irwin plan to make their home on the Monterey Peninsula.

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How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

Councilman Burge Demands Building Code—And Probably Will Get It

Councilman Joseph R. Burge wants a building code ordinance for Carmel.

And, like President Roosevelt with his idea for a renovation of the Supreme Court, he wants it NOW.

What's more, he almost got it now—or as near now as last Wednesday night's meeting of the city council is, or was.

What's still more, he's probably going to get it—nearly now. He worked up the other members of the council to the point where from sheer necessity to be rid of his persistent arguments, it agreed to get a copy of the latest municipal building code extant, discuss it within the next 48 hours and pass it at the next meeting of the council which, by the way, will be May 19.

"And I want to say this," said Mr. Burge after he had accomplished so much. "I'm going to be away for the next three weeks, but the chief of police has my address and if there is any possibility that the new code will be defeated in council without me, you are to telegraph me and I will come immediately and vote for it."

The whole thing was about the swiftest thing Burge has done, and, we are humble in adding, about the most important and lasting as to his memory in Carmel archives.

That the city needs a building code and needs it as soon as it can get it, was emphasized at Wednesday night's meeting of the council when the matter of possible insufficient safety measures taken in the reconstruction of the Wermuth building for the Purity Stores was brought up and discussed at length.

Birney Adams, city inspector, sent a communication to the council which he supplemented orally by saying that although he laid no claim to being an engineer, he believed that the removal of the central supporting wall in the building and the substitution for it of pillars gave improper support for the upper story which is used as a storage warehouse. Adams backed up his contention by citing the fact that since the reconstruction a crack of considerable length had occurred in the facing of the building.

The council expressed its realization of the seriousness of the matter, but decided that without a building code ordinance, through which it otherwise might act, there is nothing that can be done.

The nature of the work, according to Adams, did not require a building permit.

Deering-Stern Recital in Monterey Attracting Notables to Peninsula

The Henri Deering-Isaac Stern sonata recital program tonight at 8:30 o'clock at Margaret Lial's Studio in Monterey is attracting attention, not only among music circles locally, but as far north as San Francisco and as far south as Los Angeles. There is no doubt about the fact that Miss Lial is bringing a real event to our doors. The Stern-Deering combination is a critical "rave." In solo work both of the artists have received high praise. Deering, of course, has been in the concert field much longer than young Stern but the latter has made up for the lack of time through sheer artistic genius. Together they are "top rating" in musical entertainment.

The program to be presented will be three sonatas for violin and piano. The Beethoven C minor, opus 30; Strauss E flat major, opus 18; and Brahms D minor, opus 108 assure the concert audience of a fine evening of music.

Among the guests who will be present at the recital will be Aileen Pringle and Judith Anderson, who motored from Los Angeles to San Francisco to hear the Stern-Deering concert there last Monday, and are showing their enthusiasm by coming to Monterey for this performance. Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, Prof. B. A. Lehman, of the University of California, Dr. and Mrs. Saxton Pope and Captain and Mrs. Howard Symington are all coming from San Francisco for the affair.

Patrons for the evening include Elsie Arden, Lee Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. William N. Dekker, Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Miss Margaret Jacks, Mrs. Robinson Jeffers, Mrs. J. H. Liebman, Mrs. Carmel Martin, Miss Frances Parke, Noel Sullivan, Mrs. Walter B. Snook, Mrs. Chester A. Shephard, Mrs. T. W. Van Ess, Mrs. R. R. Wallace and Mrs. Paul Winslow.

Reservations will be taken at the Lial Music Shop, 490 Alvarado street, Monterey, or by calling Monterey 5333.

EXTRA! ALFRED LANDON GETS MAINE AND VERMONT

At 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, May 5, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Remo Scardigli, 215 Fourth street in Pacific Grove, Alfred Landon gave birth to three gray kittens. They have been named Maine, Vermont and John Steinbeck, Jr., after that eminent scientist who made the final decision some months ago that Alfred was "with kitten."

According to "Dr." Remo Scardigli, who assisted with the birth, Alfred purred right through it all and both mother and children are doing well. Congratulations are purring in, and we add ours. Like the remark Dorothy Parker made of a suddenly maternal friend: "We all knew she had it in her!"

Giants Now Top Abalone Loop

Dick Masten's *Giants* are now leading the Abalone League. They walloped Bardarson's *Pilots* 12 to 9 last Sunday. In the second game Helen Heavey's *Shamrocks* plastered themselves on the Terrible Ivan Kelsey's *Tigers* to the tune of 6 to 5. The standing of the clubs now shows the *Giants* with three wins and one loses; *Shamrocks*, two both ways; *Tigers*, ditto, and *Pilots* one to the good and three to the bad.

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PROPOSED GRAND OPERA FOR CARMEL IS POSTPONED

In our March 26 issue we reported that there were rumors that Carmel was to have Grand Opera. The rumors were correct but just as we were ready to burst forth with a wild huzzah we find that Directress Borghild Janson will have to postpone the event for an indefinite time because one of her soloist-pupils was called out of town and now she will have to train another for the former's roles. We hope it won't take too long.

Council Favors New P. O.

Captain Shelburn Robison, acting in his capacity as president of the Carmel Business Association, bided his time silently in the lobby of the city council chambers Wednesday night, but when he arose to his feet he did a came, saw and conquered act.

He suggested to the council that it go on record as favoring a petition to the postmaster general for a federal appropriation for a post office site and building in Carmel.

The council listened to the captain's reading of the resolution, entertained a motion to go on record as suggested, voted unanimously on the motion—and that was that.

Captain Robison told the council that already there were more than 600 signatures on the petition being circulated by the Business Association.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 6 No. 19
May 7, 1937

TEN YEARS AGO *this week*

From The Cymbal, May 5, 1927

. . . Bonnie Gottfried's dog, Shana, brought home a roll of films. Bonnie didn't know whose they were so, bright as Bonnie is, and was, she had them developed. They showed a woman and a boy on horses—apparently on a Carmel street. We gave Bonnie a first-page story about it, hoping the owners would claim their pictures. We don't know to this day whether they did or not. Did they, Bonnie or can you remember that far back? Seeing you on the street the other day, we can't believe you were old enough to have had sense enough to have those films developed.

+

. . . This was the week when the Carmel Woman's Club of that day—identification with which we will not charge the present Carmel Woman's Club—proposed a bond issue for a "recreation center" on the beach. Out of that came Carmel's first newspaper "EXTRA." It was published by THE CYMBAL on the day following publication of the Woman's Club plan. It was inspired by that, and suggested by Bob Stanton—you know who he is: he architects houses, buildings, etc., and does it swell, and he's married to Jinny. THE CYMBAL'S EXTRA was headed "Carmel Threatened," and we began our appeal to beat the Woman's Club plan with: "The time and place to nip a thing is in the bud!" And we did nip it in the bud. THE CYMBAL circulated petitions the volume of which was voluminous. It was too much for the group within the Woman's Club that wanted to make us a Santa Cruz, and the proposal went flooey. As it should.

+

. . . Page Five of THE CYMBAL devoted itself to a list of donors to a relief fund. Who do you suppose needed relief? The people of these United States who lived in the Mississippi Valley, strange as that may seem. Carmel's quota was $250 and it was, as would be expected, doubled.

+

. . . Moira Wallace appeared in THE CYMBAL news columns, as she does in this issue. She had an exhibition of her wood blocks and water colors at Gump's in San Francisco. Gene Hailey wrote in the San Francisco *Chronicle* "quite untaught she has accomplished drawings, wood blocks in color and water color sketches that are amazing."

+

. . . "Jean Leidig, nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leidig, is probably the youngest dramatic coach and producer in Carmel," said THE CYMBAL ten years ago. It seems that Jean staged a motion picture show in the Leidig back yard. It was a box with a hole in it and the "operator" inside (must have been a good-sized box) held various pictures in rapid succession up against the hole through which your eye was peering—that is, if you had paid to peer. THE CYMBAL went on to say: "Little Miss Leidig did everything from painting the pictures, writing the captions and making the theater, to selling the tickets and quelling fistic encounters among the young men of the neighborhood."

+ + +

Richard Buhlig, Noted Pianist, Visits Carmel

Richard Buhlig, noted pianist, visited at the home of Fritz and Marjorie Legge Wurtzmann this week. He was on his way back to Los Angeles after having been in Berkeley where he gave master classes and lectures at the studio of Madame Margaretha Van Loben Sels. Previous to his trip to Berkeley, Buhlig played in a Beethoven cycle with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra directed by Otto Klemperer, giving two concertos, one of them the "Emperor," in one evening.

In one of the biggest musical events of the coming year, Buhlig will present nine concerts during which he will play the entire 32 sonatas of Beethoven. This will probably take place in March 1938 in Los Angeles. Up until that time his plans are to teach for several months and work on several things for himself, and possibly leave for Europe in September for a concert tour of the continent.

Rushing about through the Village, calling on old friends, Buhlig paused to thank the Gods for the lovely weather provided for his short visit. "Carmel is like the little girl with the curl," he said, "when she is good, she is verry very good, and when she has 'fog' she is horrid."

+ + +

SCOUT COURT OF HONOR TO BE HELD MAY 28

The monthly meeting of the Boy Scout Council was held at Pine Inn Wednesday. The Council decided to hold a Court of Honor May 28 at Sunset School to award merit badges. Otto W. Bardarson will be chairman.

There will be a "round table" meeting of Scouters May 10, next Monday, at the Scout House. An area council meeting and dinner will be held at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club May 25 at 7 o'clock.

Camp Wing, the summer Scout camp at Big Sur, will be open from June 13 to July 11, this year. Reservations must be made by June 1. An excellent staff of leaders has been chosen and the camp will be supervised by a committee to include Everett Smith and W. S. Frolli of Carmel.

+ + +

Mrs. Odin MacKay and daughter, Mary, visited Mrs. MacKay's brother, C. W. Lee, of Carmel, recently. They left last week for their home in Boston, after having spent the winter in Southern California.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

A double-splinter wound on the middle finger fails to stop the typewriter, although it somewhat cripples the action. So perhaps jottings this week will be jumpy. Coupled with an "N" key which simply won't keep pace with the other keys, new syncope develops. Laugh, clown, laugh! And trip, typewriter keys, trip! Ah, Shakespeare! Ho, Lloyd!

+

At last, Marie Short, we can accommodate. We hear that your car did things recently. Specifically, your car rolled away from a house on Carmel Point and careened madly across several blocks of Mission Tract before pulling up before the immutable laws of gravity and what little friction develops on tapered bearings. You are to be congratulated on the safe arrival at that point of Bridget, Dachshund Kelly's sweetie-pie, who, being no more than a puppy, was unable to apply the brakes.

+

The Carmel branch of the Steinbeck clan, the William Dekkers, this week hung a picture of brother John, whose arrival in New York was accorded champagne and caviar with much press acclaim. The picture shows John ready to start work on the stage preparation for "Of Mice and Men," armed with a bottle and a wild-eyed expression. Reporters made much of his love of life and people, of Carol's pleasure over being mistaken for a trollop by her landlady, because she wore no wedding ring.

+

A remarkable scoop on the intervention in Spain by Mussolini a few days ago overshadowed the reunion of Edward and Wally. Mr. Windsor was juicily reported as having taken his lady fair, a few months ago "his good friend," for a stroll where kings of France were wont to woo in old Touraine. Neither the war in Spain, nor Edward's forthcoming marriage, will be allowed, however, to disturb the coronation for which the parties interested are doing some heavy practice.

+

One victim the doctors can't bury this week was Del Monte golf course. "I just made a deep incision," said one medico as he raised a huge divot skywards. "The after effects of smallpox are something to behold," remarked another, viewing the wholesale devastation. Eric Coster, publicist, found it a strenuous week, what with the doctors revealing new methods, and revelling in golf.

+

High fog has moved in to trouble some of those "fine day" folk along Ocean avenue. Reminds me of that fog outside Flagstaff, Arizona, as I drove westward with some easterners. "Only a California fog, strayed into the desert," I said, gladly sniffing the air. But the fog got heavier and heavier and, by nightfall, we were sliding down a greasy red clay road until we became bogged down. It rained in the night and all next day I had to live down my belief in the harmlessness of high fog.

+

Nothing like deciding who's got the right of way by shooting it out in the good old western way. It actually happened this week.

+

The height requirements for the marines are reduced in an effort to build up the material strength of that arm of our defences. Time was when the tall men, like grandpa, went into the marines, the hardy runts into the Navy's "monkey-meat crews," and the in-betweens into the Army.

+

Eleanor Irwin is down to represent Jimmy Hopper's authors project in this part of the country with headquarters now in Carmel. Bill and Mrs. Irwin had to spend the winter snow-bound in Boulder Creek, and now are thrown onto the mercies of Carmel's skyrocketing rentals.

+

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, his own home, or even with himself. Such is my case. Based on the large number of steelhead in the sea last winter, I forecast a good salmon run this spring. Then I went ahead and disregarded myself, putting off making preparations for the season so long that rival fishermen were several hundred dollars ahead before I had my boat in the water.

+

A fire broke out on Carmel Point Sunday night, in building materials a contractor had left near his incinerator. Told of the fire, people next door remarked that Carmel's fire department couldn't come down to the point, returned to their game of bridge, while Carmel's self-appointed one-man fire department borrowed a little water in a tin can and put it out all by himself.

+

An author Carmel always forgets once made his home here, is Gus Eckstein, best known for his volume on Noguchi. He wedded "Uncle Ben," Franceska Bendicke, who lived here several years, and lives and writes in Cincinnati.

Summer Round-up Of Children On May 22

The Sunset School round-up, sponsored by the Parent-Teacher Association, will be held Friday, May 22, from 1 to 2 o'clock in the school gymnasium.

The round-up is a physical examination given to all children who plan to enter Sunset School for the first time next fall. Dr. Joseph B. McCarthy will be in charge of the examination and will be assisted by Mrs. Pearl E. Atter, school nurse.

The purpose of the round-up is to enable the children to enter school in the best possible physical condition and is also of educational value to the parents, teaching them the need of regular physical examinations for growing children. Each year a local doctor volunteers his services in this cause, making the check-up free to all parents.

Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, chairman of the round-up, has requested that anyone having or knowing of a child who should participate in this activity, get in touch with her by calling Carmel 358.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

In case you missed hearing our Bob Anderson Tuesday morning broadcast to the waiting world the reunion of Davie and Wally, we take pity on you and herewith, to the best of our poor ability, attempt to reproduce the irreproducible Bob: "The Duke was practically hidden behind the luggage in Mrs. Simpson's limousine. Suddenly the gates of the old Castle swung open and, with a crunching of wheels on the sand, the cavalcade wound up the drive. Mrs. Simpson, radiant, stood in the doorway, waiting. There was no demonstration of affection: no outward sign of the emotion they were feeling. The Duke approached her with outstretched arms and there was, in a moment, a tender embrace. He uttered one word; her name." (Nice huskiness, Bob.)

Poor, dear Associated Press. What the hell demonstration did they expect, anyhow? It was the Romans, we think, who had the words for that. Fl-g--te D-l--to, as the *Monterey Herald* would say.

+

Our Coronation Note:

In the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, there stands, as you all know, the coronation chair of Edward the Confessor. And underneath the seat of this chair, on a sort of shelf, is the stone of scone, called Lia-fail, on which the patriarch Jacob is supposed to have laid his head when he dreamt of the heavenly ladder.

Next Wednesday, around noon, after the oath has been signed and the communion celebrated, George Windsor will move to this venerable seat, and sitting thereon, will be anointed King of England. Oil from the golden ampulla will make a slightly greasy spot on his forehead and breast and the palms of his hands. And the old West Front towers, by Wren, will resound to within, "God Save King George."

But to us, were we standing in the tall nave of Westminster Abbey that day, the bright panoply of kingship would be dimmed, we think, in favor of a small English boy who, we have been told, took a dare from his companions in the Westminster School one night and went and slept on the Confessor's throne.

Young Peter, in accordance with his word, had to start at midnight on that tortuous way that took him along the north cloisters, through the great twelve-bayed nave, away on behind the altar and up the steps that lead to the Capella Regum. He was a small boy, and alone. After he had left the comforting giggles of his comrades and had gained the unscalable blackness of the clustered towers that stride like monsters up and down the hundred and one feet of the main floor of the cathedral, how do you suppose he felt when the thunderous cacophony of all of England's First Church Mice burst upon him? How did his footfalls sound to him, echoing intolerably from buttress and tympanum, but like a giant's in a small and terribly silent place? Did the small cusped arch by the side of Ameline of Lancaster's Sanctuary seem to reach for his very insides, and the terror of the black transepts close in like charred wings folding? And when, after the blackness had cleared a bit from his vision and he could see a little, did he come suddenly on Aymer de Valence in full armor, standing on a couchant lion, and swallow hard after the way of frightened boys, thinking him, for a moment, real? And did the London night, coming, shattered, through high clerestory windows, bring him hideous configuration of pendragon and holy ghost? And where, on his boyish body, did perspiration flow? Or did a tear fall?

Perhaps he stumbled, at last, on those unexpected steps leading to the Shrine where five of England's Kings and six Queens lie. We hope some censing angel, excusing himself for a moment from his devoir to the Lord, reached after a small, damp hand, and let him in under the rope and watched him as he curled up beneath the resting eyes of Phillippa of Hainault and sighed. Then did a great boyish health overcome him, and he sleep?

Yes, we are certain that, around noon next Wednesday, we should be looking straight through the anointed body of King George the Sixth and seeing in the coronation chair, cramped uncomfortably against the dark London dawn, a little boy, uneasily asleep; and over his head, the legend he carved on the ancient oaken chairback, "I, Peter, slept in this chair . . . "

+

We just heard about Tommy Edwards. Tommy is the son of Mrs. Carol Edwards who has the gift shop by the Carmel Theatre. Tommy's teacher summoned Mrs. Edwards to school one day, shortly after they had moved to a new town. In Teacher's eye was a soft gleam of pity. She began tactfully. "Mrs. Edwards," she said, making Tommy's mother comfortable in the school's best chair, the further to soften a blow. "I feel I should like to talk with you about Tommy's handicap . . . "

Honest bewilderment shone in the eyes of Tommy's mother, "His *what*?" she asked.

"His . . . er . . . slight abnormality, you know. His inability to talk."

Now Mrs. Edwards was Tommy's mother and her experience with Tommy was quite, quite otherwise. In fact, her experience with Tommy was *quite* otherwise. Tommy was summoned.

"Aw, now," Tommy said, turning the whole of an Edwards smile impartially on Mother and Teacher. "You both oughter know what a darn lot of rot talking is."

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This day, in our mail, postmarked Fernside Farm, Henniker, New Hampshire, there came a box. A small, untidily wrapped box, sent us by our Father, whose fond, worn hands are cramped with rheumatism. In this box is a little cluster of rather dried flowers. But when the strings are hastily cut and the package flies open, it is like no Pandora's box you ever heard about. For the flowers are mayflowers. And out of the box springs such a burning treasury of memory as a mortal seldom has.

It is a Saturday morning in April. Across the valley of the Contoocook, patches of snow still show on the north flank of Crany Hill. The windows are open, even the front door has been flung wide to welcome this day so hard-bought from the year. We can hear Father's voice from the south field where he is planting corn and the sweet breath of all the plasms burgeons in our kitchen.

In the pantry the thump-thump of the rolling pin punctuates Mother's gospel hymn. The fat old kitchen stove is gestating five loaves of bread, while corned beef and cabbage simmer away piously on its broad lap.

Marion minds the baby. Upstairs, Pearle and Maude shake out feather beds; empty jars; chase errant rolls of dust from under fourposters. Grace, five, sits in the middle of the kitchen floor, bathing the kittens. The old cat looks on. She has had others and there will be more. It is our job to scrub the corner by the pump, where the small flecks of corn meal mash have spilled. We feel the warm suds on our hands and it runs in rivulets to the bare pine floor. And all through the house go wild shouts and singing and maddening mirth. Someone falls down the front stairs and we all gather about, rocking with laughter. For it is mayflower time and the saps of Time itself go screaming through our veins.

Then Mother wipes her hands on her apron. Now, she says, if you've all got your work done, we'll go.

We are going mayflowering!

Rowdy and roistering, we make a mad dash for the north timber lot. We race with Mother. We run in and out of the bushes, bringing her tribute—the first checkerberries, the first green mint leaf, the first rose-lavendar maple buds, a juicy strip of black cherry bark, bitter on the tongue, but cleanly to taste. We are a mad litter of whelps. We are the joy of the world, let fly upon one little hill.

Then, suddenly, we have come, alone, to our secret shallow pool. Each has his favorite place to go, where another may not intrude. Ours is this dark bowl of sweet water on the edge of a marsh in the far corner of our north pasture. It is guarded by three small spruces and in all the many years of this performance of our rite of spring, no one ever went there to pick mayflowers but our Mother and ourself. In this little mere in April, the pollywogs hatch and absorb their tails. Old Gurgle-gut, the frog, sits on a heap of sticks and grunts. Thin yellow twigs of willow hang, ensiform, in the still air. Along the earth the ground-pine runs and everywhere are mosses. Flat lichens appliquéed on rock and deep sensuous carpets of green. And, on a day late in April, if the sun has come warm and early, there, buried in the moss, you can find the mayflower blooming.

But how shall we tell the marvel of it? We kneel and push the moss fronds back and find, on the edge of a dirty rag of snow, that the portent has been made. We put our face down to these cradled buds, blushing as the flower does. Then we must rise and all our heart and our muscles and our feet must strain to re-enact within ourself, this perfectness. We dance and laugh aloud. We fling up our hands and see our fingers miraculously muting the sky.

When we have spent a little of our wonder, we find our Mother standing smiling at us, full knowing our exigency.

—Lynda Sargent

+ + +

Henry and Mona Williams and the two Williams children left for a summer on the Maine Coast last Monday morning. The writing pair will see their publishers in New York and visit with friends there for a few days before they leave for the "rockbound coast."

+ + +

Joe Catherwood, Mrs. Bill Frolli, Helen McLachlan, Conrad Imelman and we have a scrumptious idea.

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CARMEL CALIFORNIA

Woman Making 4,000 Tiles to Cover Mission, But It's a Little Mission

Four thousand tiles to cover the Carmel Mission, taking five minutes to each tile, is the record of Mrs. Alix Beygrau, who is modeling miniatures for the Federal Art Project in Carmel. There we gave it away in the first sentence and we wanted to fool you just a little. The tiles are for the model of the Carmel Mission which is being constructed by Ben Phillips, also under the Art Project.

The original tiles which were on the Mission, and are now scattered throughout the state, were made by Indians, who pressed the clay around their thighs, thus giving them a non-symmetrical form as one end of the leg is smaller than the other. Mrs. Beygrau is molding her tiles, which are about the size of your finger nail, on her fingers, which preserves the original shape in miniature. She is also making a group of miniature figures of Indians, Padres, and lay folk, costumed in the early period of the Mission. These will be grouped around the model in order to show the life of that day.

Ben Phillips has used the early methods of clay and adobe mixing in the making of his tiny bricks to construct the model. Everything is to exact scale and the completed work will be the property of the City of Carmel. He has used the scale of three-sixteenths of an inch to one foot.

The tiles and figures are to be fired at the Sunset School kiln. Mrs. Beygrau has also modeled figures of pioneers and other historical groups to be given to different schools for study.

May Exhibit at Carmel Art Gallery Precisely Something to Sneeze At

The May exhibit at the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores street is not bad, it is just uninteresting. There are some good pictures hanging on the wall but you would never know it to look at them as a whole.

There must be some reason for this condition and we have our own ideas. Yesterday, as we sat there looking at the different paintings, we went over these ideas with reference to the present show. There is a small matter of mathematics to go over first. There are 19 pictures in black and white. Out of this number, seven were in the gallery stacks and were brought out to fill empty spaces. Of the 12 which were brought in by artists for this particular show, at least half of them were painted more than six months ago and some too many years ago to mention.

The mathematics above can be interpreted as meaning that the members of the Association have a definite lack of interest in their showrooms or that the Gallery is becoming a museum, or both.

We have earnestly pled with the members of the hanging committee to hang the pictures with more reference to the size of the room and from a height more nearly like that from which a picture would be hung in the home of a purchaser. The present show carries out the necessity for this in a rather startling manner. The smallness of the pictures makes them appear even closer to the floor level. We have been told that this is the standard height for hanging pictures. That is as foolish as saying that all trees should be painted to fit the same amount of canvas in spite of the size or composition of the completed work. A gallery wall is a large canvas and the pictures hung there should follow the rules of composition which the hanging committee know how to express in its own pictures.

Mention of several of the contributions to the exhibit must be made. There is a very pleasant sepia drawing of a group of trees by Armin Hansen and a fine study of two hands praying, by the same artist.

Celia Seymour has done a good likeness of Charles Sumner Greene in Pastels.

There are several of William Ritschel's European oil paintings in the show, not strictly black and whites, but one in particular of an ice skating scene reminds us again that Ritschel is a member of the National Academy. His use of "white" pigment in this picture gives one of the most dramatic highlights of the show.

Ayres Houghteling's two pen and ink drawings on the north wall were attracting a great deal of attention two years ago when our office was in the Gallery.

Mary Trevvett has a pastel of a little old lady "with a little bit of business here, and a little bit of business there."

Burton Boundey has two black and whites in the show. The larger piece seems to demand some of Boundey's fine earth colors to make it complete but the smaller is quite satisfactory as a finished two-tone composition.

George Koch has two marine oils in grayed colors, and Major Ralph A. Coote a recent charcoal sketch of cypress. The pictures of James Fitzgerald, Rose Crossman and Paul Whitman have previously been hung in the Gallery.

The show of prints in the small gallery, reviewed in the April 16 issue of THE CYMBAL has not been changed. —VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

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ABBIE LOU BOSWORTH IS ALWAYS GOING PLACES

Abbie Lou Bosworth has been bitten by the wander-bug, though not severely. She has just returned from Twenty-Nine Palms last Saturday where she had a "swell time" and then Tuesday went batting off again, this time to San Francisco, to see some friends off on the China Clipper. We think she is home now, puttering around in that swell studio and workshop of hers, that is, if she hasn't gone off to Timbuctoo.

P.S. When we say puttering, we don't mean Abbie Lou doesn't work. She'd have to do that in order to turn out all the stuff she does.

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HISTORICAL RECORDS SURVEY SUPERVISOR VISITS HERE

Sven Skaar, state field supervisor of the Historical Records Survey projects, visited the Monterey Peninsula Monday to look over the work of the local project, which is part of a ten-county group with headquarters in San Jose. There are many of these throughout the state and the nation, and their purpose, as stated in the manual, is "to discover, preserve and make accessible basic source material for research in our country." The Historical Survey group was organized in 1936 by Dr. Luther H. Evans, who was assistant director of the Federal Writers' Project.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

We received an interesting letter from Haig Jeffers of Tor House with news of his twin brother, York. It said: "Haig Jeffers, white English bull-dog of Tor House, has just received messages from his twin brother, York, who is defender and mascot at Bowles Hall at Berkeley. York says college life is one glorious riot and encloses a clipping from the *Daily Californian* which states that York's appetite for beef steak has put Bowles Hall in the red. Under the alias, 'Mr. Chips,' York spent some months at the Steffens' 'Getaway' here in Carmel." Haig is one of the village's most interesting personalities and is the constant companion of his master, Robinson Jeffers.

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A visitor of much interest to members of the wire-hair set was Mrs. Charles E. Stearns of La Jolla who has the Kentwire Kennels on Long Island. Mrs. Stearns is the owner of Kentwire Sensational Lassie, who has been shown 33 times and has always gotten a ribbon.

\+

An honorable Japanese gentleman from Portland, Hachi Mitsu Patterson, was also a recent visitor here. Hachi says his honorable grandparents were smuggled into Oregon from Japan where these toy spaniels have been carefully bred for centuries. They, like the Pekingese in China, were sleeve dogs of the royal ladies of the court and were supposed to have descended from the Tibetan spaniel, ancestor of the Pekingese.

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Many of the village lassies' hearts beat faster last week at the sight of that dark and handsome Scot, Angus Donaldbane Mactavish Krims, who was here for a few days with his mistress, Mrs. Milton Krims, of Bellaire. His master, Milton Krims, is doing the scenario from "The Gambler" by Feodor Dostoievsky for the new Max Reinhardt production. Mrs. Krims came to Carmel for a rest, but Angus completely wore her out exploring the village.

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As an aftermath—

Last Saturday Eleanor Yates found a small red harness carelessly thrown in a bush at the scene of the tragic accident that resulted in the death of a small black puppy, the remains of which our young and good-looking chief of police carelessly threw in a nearby ash can. The red harness had been taken off the dog by the chief, presumably to help identify the accident victim.

\+

COMMENT

People who do not love animals have something seriously wrong in their constitutions. "I would not give much for that man's religion whose dog and cat are not the better for it."—*Everything About Dogs*, EBERHART.

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Mrs. DeLorimier New Girl Scout Commissioner

At the annual meeting of the Girl Scout Council on Tuesday the following officers were elected: Commissioner, Mrs. George DeLorimier; Deputy Commissioner, Miss Ruth Huntington; Treasurer, Miss Audrey Walton; Secretary, Mrs. Henry Zaches.

Nominations were made by Mrs. C. D. Zumwalt.

All committees reported membership in the Scouts booming, but no compensatory increase in number of leaders. Leadership of a Scout Troop is, of course, a responsibility not to be tackled lightly. That, in itself, should be a challenge to the type of woman who has some time to give and wishes it to be used justly and to good account.

The girls are excitedly beginning to think of Camp, which will open in early June, down at Corral de Tierra. If you have any sort of materials for costumes, or first-aid kits, or a few stray dishtowels, do run around to the Scout House with them. Also, books. We mention books separately, because books and magazines must be carefully chosen to suit girls from ten on. But nothing will be more welcome than the gift or loan of good books.

\+ + +

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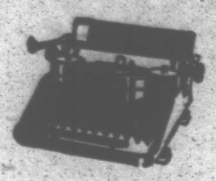
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CAMPBELL CALLS COUNCIL BACK INTO LATE SESSION TO MAKE PAID FIREMEN APPOINTMENTS; GUTH FINALLY OFF POLICE

(Continued from Page One)

ters generally going on about the council chamber.

He casually asked Councilman Jim Thoburn: "How about appointing some paid firemen?"

Councilman Jim relayed the question to Argyll Campbell and then things started. You can't play hare and hounds with Campbell. He has a deliberate way about him that sort of makes you straighten up and listen to him. The council, or four members of it remaining in the room, straightened up and listened.

"You've got to get together again, rescind your motion to adjourn by a unanimous vote, call yourselves to order once more and make these appointments."

Oh, Oh!

Councilman Joseph Burge then and there shied a monkey wrench painfully near the most important cogs in the machinery.

"I don't like this way of doing," he said. "I don't like one department taking employees from another department. It doesn't seem to follow a due course of respect or otherwise."

This created a dangerous situation and in the dust and smoke arising at the time, Burge was finally silenced and all hands piped down to the business of making two appointments they should have made three weeks ago when the two paid firemen went to work as two paid firemen—without any legal authorization so to do.

But where was Rowntree? Gone where the woodbine twineth. He had vanished. Ronny Johnson, the *Pine Cone* utility man, was sent for him. No Bernard. Finally Johnson said the councilman had gone home—probably his business pants off and his night shirt on by that time—he had telephoned for him.

Then came the calm, broken by another silly question from the direction of THE CYMBAL's place in the lobby:

"And how about getting a resignation from Charlie Guth, who is still a policeman while he is a paid fireman?"

Oh, Oh!

"That's all right," spoke up the city attorney, "You can just declare Guth's job in the police department terminated."

Oh, Oh! again.

Chief Bob didn't like that. He was overcome by a sudden overwhelming friendship for Charlie.

"If the board please," he said, "Mr. Guth has been a most efficient officer of the police department. I would hate to see anything done that might humiliate him. Such as seeming to remove him. If I may do so, I would like to go to his house now and get a written resignation from him."

Everybody, with tears in their eyes, appreciated Bob's concern about Charlie's state of mind, but they finally decided that the job could be declared vacant and Saidee Van Brower could spread upon the minutes a nice little paragraph of appreciation of the former policeman's services to the city in the capacity of a guardian of the law.

Then arrives Councilman Rowntree. He didn't understand the situation at all. Hadn't he been given power to act in the matter of the appointments of the two paid firemen? He had not, as THE CYMBAL has been sporadically and spasmodically saying for the past three weeks.

A resolution was looked for—that is, there was a search for it or anything in the form of a document which would indicate just what the council had done in the matter. A good fifteen minutes or so was spent in trying to find an ordinance. But it wasn't an ordinance; it was a resolution. Saidee finally found it. It said: " . . . shall be appointed by the council on the recommendation of the commissioner of fire and water." But aren't you tired of reading that in THE CYMBAL?

So Mr. Campbell shut himself in Saidee's office and typed a resolution appointing the two paid firemen.

He came back with it.

The date was necessary. That was easy.

"When did you name them?" Mayor Smith asked Rowntree.

"April 11," answered Bernard.

"All right," said the Mayor to Saidee who held the resolution with the blank spaces in it. "Make it April 11."

"Stop!" and from the rotund face of City Attorney Campbell flared that honor and reverence for the law that lawyers sometimes manifest in public. "You can't. Make the appointments as of tomorrow—May 6. You'll have to pass another resolution then settling the salary business." And under his breath we thought we heard Campbell say: "You fellers have got me down."

However, and nevertheless, the two paid firemen were appointed as of yesterday—not April 11 when Rowntree put them on the job—their salaries were adjusted from April 11 to May 7, and Saidee turned the lights out about a quarter past 11.

Well, what's it all amount to anyway?

We can't think, unless it is that our city council is a ducky little body of men—and woman.

\+ + +

DAMO VULETICH NARROWLY ESCAPES ASPHYXIATION

Just a door being unlocked saved the life last week of Damo Vuletich, Carmel artist, who lives at Ninth and Casanova. Damo had been using his oven to heat his kitchen, leaving the gas on for several hours. When Damo came into the room it was like a lethal chamber. A couple of sniffs brought him to the ground. Getting weaker every moment he finally managed to crawl to the door and push it open. If it had been locked he never would have made it. He pulled himself into the front of the house and lay down on a couch and was deathly ill for a whole day with no one knowing anything about it. At last, Friday afternoon he was able to get to the door and hail a passing boy who delivered a note for him. Friends came and took care of him over the week-end. We saw him Monday and he looked a bit shaky but feeling much better. We thank a kind providence for an unlocked door and we are going to be very careful about using our oven for a furnace.

\+ + +

Now that the Pulitzer Prize novel is "Gone With the Wind" we can forget about it. Do you remember the name of last year's award novel?

\+ + +

The dogwood trees along the Redwood highway are just beginning to blossom, reports the Eureka office of the National Automobile Club. While the flowers are not yet plentiful, their delicate beauty greatly enhances the pleasure of the trip.

Personalities & Personals

The Rev. Carel Hulsewe, new rector of All Saints Church, and Mrs. Hulsewe, have returned from San Miguel where they attended the annual pilgrimage to the Wayside Cross. Mr. Hulsewe will conduct his second service at All Saints Church this coming Sunday.

\+

Mrs. Genevieve Butterfield was guest speaker at the P.E.O. meeting in Pacific Grove last Wednesday. She spoke on Ethel Cotton's book "Keeping Mentally Alive."

\+

The Carmel Art Gallery Friday-nighters are holding a picnic barbecue on the beach this evening. Those invited are expected to bring their own and hold their own.

\+

Don and Mrs. Don Hale have gone pigging. Word has come back to Carmel that they have now established their household gods on their new ranch home three miles from Chico where Don will go into the business of raising pork on the hoof. They have 100 acres.

\+

Doc. MacDougal pilotted Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin and James Fitzgerald out of town and in the direction of Pico Blanco this morning. The assumption is that the party will climb it. We will know by the end of the week-end.

\+

Mrs. Alfred Matthews, Mrs. Homer S. Bodley and Mrs. D. E. Nixon were joint hostesses at a tea last Saturday afternoon at the Bodley home on Lincoln street in honor of Mrs. D. W. Roper. Mrs. Roper and her husband have recently come to the Village from Chicago. Mrs. John Albee and Mrs. Mabel Turner assisted the hostesses and helped serve the score of guests who attended the affair.

\+

Radiana Pazmor, whose concert at the Wickman Studio last Saturday will be remembered for a long time, was the guest of Mrs. Frederic M. Blanchard at her home in the Highlands over the week-end.

\+

Tamara Morgan left for the East last Monday. She will be guest soloist with two of the leading symphony orchestras. We hope the concerts will be broadcast so that all of us may enjoy her excellent playing. Can you ever forget that beautiful piano trio in last year's Bach Festival?

\+

Borghild Janson left for Los Angeles yesterday to see her publishers. Mme. Janson has been working on a translation of a ten-volume piece for the past three years. Accompanying her on the trip will be her recent house guest, Gustav Rihert, who played for the Musical Arts Club Wednesday evening.

\+

Frances Lombard will become the wife of Louis Henry Sortais of Monterey some time after school is out this summer. No, Sortais is not going to school but he teaches business education at the Monterey Union High School. Frances is in the Claribel Haydock Zuck Real Estate office. She is the daughter of Mrs. Benjamin M. Lombard of Palo Alto. The couple plan to live in Carmel after their marriage.

\+

Mr. and Mrs. John Albee have moved to the Yokum house on Mission street across from Sunset School. They just got tired of climbing the hill to Aquajito.

\+

Mrs. Webster Street, president of the Peninsula branch of the American Association of University Women, attended a luncheon at the Allied Arts Guild at Stanford in honor of Miss Mary Yost, Dean of Stanford Women, the retiring vice-president of the association.

\+

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wehrhane will wave goodbye to Carmel on Sunday. They are going back to New York where it gets hot in the summer, or have you heard? The Wehrhanes have been at Pine Inn for the winter months.

\+

Mrs. W. N. Leyman of Portland, sister of Mrs. Fenton Grigsby, is now occupying one of the Grigsby cottages. Mrs. Leyman is a designer and authority on ceramics and has had her own studio and kiln in Portland for 23 years.

\+

The Mission Ranch Club is swinging into its summer season with a dance to be held tomorrow night in the old white barn. Allen Knight has been engaged to furnish the music and Lloyd Tevis, manager of the club, expects a record crowd.

\+

Dr. Evelyn R. Ott, who recently spoke before the Monday evening psychology class, addressed the Tuesday meeting of the Monterey Peninsula Breakfast Club at Hotel San Carlos, on the psychiatrist's approach to dreams.

\+ + +

VIRGINIA SCHULTE BECOMES MRS. STANLEY McCLURG

"Happy the bride the sun shines on . . . "

A May Day sun shone on the wedding of Virginia Lee Schulte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard H. Schulte, of Carmel Valley, and Stanley Douglas McClurg of Portland.

Mrs. McClurg's attendants were Carmen Gene Taylor, Jean Stewart and Ann Martin. The groom's brother, Bruce McClurg, was best man, and Bernard Schulte and Donald McClurg were ushers. The Rev. Lee Sadler officiated at the ceremony which took place at the First Christian Church in Pacific Grove.

CARMEL VALLEY OVERFLOWS WITH MECCA SEEKERS

Carmel Valley was a mecca for a great many mahomets last Sunday. We went for a picnic *a deux* on top of a hill above Robles Del Rio and discovered that although we thought we were unknown and alone, there were any number of people who saw us there, or heard we were thereabouts. We must have passed Lynda Sargent and Chief somewhere along the line and Amelie Waldo and the August Gays had a picnic at the entrance to the George Seideneck place. We went there, too, to see George and Catherine and their four cats, and then last night we heard that another friend of ours saw us. He went fishing on the Carmel River and caught the limit and was home by 9:30. Oh, it was such a grand day and the Valley was so very beautiful. We can't describe it, but if gold and purple hills excite you or give you peace, go up there soon.

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Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard made a trip to Los Angeles over last week-end to visit her daughter, Shirlie, who is fast recovering from her illness.

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Artists Gather In a Gleeful Shack-Fest

Stovepipe Shack got itself going in the bonafide manner of a gathering of workers on a spree the other night. Ever since we came to Carmel, it has been our regret that just this kind of thing has been lacking. It took the initiative of Ethel Warren, together with a few of the more seasoned village residents to revive what we are led to believe was once a usual thing here—the coming together of those people united by the bond of artistry and craftsmanship into a coherent group for eating and drinking a soupcon of vin ordinaire, and haggling over ideas, long and noisily and with great respect.

Most of our work, by its very definition, is done alone. That is good. But the relaxation and stimulation of throwing our ideas tentatively into the grab-bag to be hauled over by the rest of the group and tested thus, should be incalculably valuable—if not overdone. Gathering once a week, with one's legs sprawled comfortably on the floor—probably unconsciously pillowing someone else's head—and making a noise of our convictions to see how much of a beating they will take should send the artistic temperature of the village perceptibly up.

Alas, we cannot always hope for Remo. Remo, the incomparable. Remo, who makes an art group glad that it, too, marches on its stomach. Ah, what gustatory heights he scaled and how lustily we all clambered after him, and his spaghetti extraordinaire.

The Shack is being used somewhat as a workshop. But it is the group function we like especially, not being an artist. We, ourself, hope a great deal of shop will be talked between sips and swallows. We dare to hope that some fellow craftsman will come right out and say. "Lynda, what in heaven's name do you mean by writing sloppily!" And that we shall then come straight home, with an incentive born of respect for such attitudes, and tighten up our intellectual body bolts. We believe this to be the authoritarian function of such a group. —L. S.

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BACH FESTIVAL REHEARSALS GOING ON APACE

Rehearsals for the Bach Festival are going along smoothly with every member of the chorus and orchestra looking forward to Michel Penha's next trip down to do some brush-up work. Pretty soon our Director will be here on an all-time job and things will be humming. Have you got your yellow Bach Festival stickers to put on your envelopes yet? See Hazel Watrous about it. She was giving them out by the hundreds, yea, thousands, on Wednesday.

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FRITZ KREJCIK DROPS IN WITH LOVELY WIFE

Friedrich "Fritz" Krejcik, who seven years ago ran a travel bureau on Dolores street, and was married to Helen Sterling, returned the other day for a look at old haunts and old friends' faces. Fritz lives in Vienna now and has married a very beautiful Austrian who came with him on this trip. The Krejciks are on their way home to Vienna from a fishing trip in New Zealand. Sword fishing—and Fritz now has the honor of being a world champion in that agile sport. He looked healthy, hearty, and happy as any sword fisher should.

Here's Our Fervent Hope That Bech's Pine Cone Doesn't Kill Anybody

(Continued from Page One)

of some kind where a little creek poured its trickling stream, the burden of the water to remain there for some time, and form there a kind of a half-stagnant pond. Don't ask me what a half-stagnant pond is, but that's what it was.

The hunters began to drag this pond. Chief among them was the husband. He was the most assiduous little dragger of ponds I ever saw. He kept on dragging that pond after it had been completely drug for days and days. He would drag it for hours, with tears rolling down his face—drag and drag and drag. And his continued dragging kept up the interest, and the newspaper stories.

Then, one day, while we were all, somewhat tearful ourselves (you weren't there, but over at your desk in the *Call* news room in San Francisco), watching him, a little fox terrier wormed his way through the lattice that ran around the air space beneath the floor of the factory. He came out with a woman's hat in his mouth. It was THE woman's hat.

We turned from the pond and the dragging husband to the space under the factory. We found her clothes. And then we found her. Not much of a woman, then; rather an unoperative woman, you might say. She had been done away with by "some blunt instrument," the coroner's jury would say, and did, and buried under the factory.

The husband went home prostrated, or with all the ear and nose-marks of prostration. A friend was delegated to stay in his lonely little house with him—for fear that in his sorrow he would croak himself.

The stories went on. They were fed into the *Call* office, and to you in San Francisco, by one Tommy Thompson, a good newspaperman if there ever was one. You remember Tommy.

Finally one day, Chief of Police Walter Petersen of Oakland called us boys of the Oakland papers, and the Oakland staffs of the San Francisco papers, to his office and informed us that on the following day the husband was to be arrested for the murder of his wife. He had all the evidence to prove to us, and a jury, that the street car conductor had murdered his wife and stowed her body away under the factory.

But, said Chief Petersen, don't print it until after we arrest him. We could see the wisdom of that. But we cussed Petersen for giving us the story when he knew we couldn't print it. We wished we had gotten it from somewhere else.

Apparently Tommy Thompson did. He wasn't at the conference with the chief. But he had the dope and he telephoned it over to the *Call*, and the city editor of the *Call* gave it to his very bestest man—one Frederick R. Bechdolt. You wrote the story and the copy desk threw a line over it—about a 140-point line—as it jolly well should have.

So, over in Emeryville, in the little house on the lonely moor, the husband awoke next morning. His constant companion awoke, too. The companion went out after some cigarettes—about a mile from the house. While he was gone, the husband got out of bed, found the rolled-up *Call* on his doorstep and took it into the house with him.

Also while the companion was gone came the police. They found the husband all right. Propped up in bed. But he was a non-operative husband. He had a gun in one stiffened hand and a bullet hole right through his head.

Spread out on the counterpane of the bed was the San Francisco *Call*, carrying on its staring front page a story written by Frederick R. Bechdolt.

Pretty snappy—my memory—eh, Fred? —W. K. B.

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Lithographs Now At Federal Art Gallery

The Carmel Federal Art Gallery has a group of lithographs, not on display, but conveniently placed on the big table so that you may browse and look to your heart's delight, and the delight of your heart they are, too. We can't tell you all about them, there are too many. But in a quick look we saw some rollicking zebras by Hilaire Hiller, some of Arthur Murphy's horses and his ballet series which won such high tribute from Alfred Frankenstein in the *Chronicle* two Sundays ago. And there was one lovely one called "Two Women" by Edwin Herron. Local artists represented in the group include Armin Hansen, John Howard, Bruce Ariss and Alberte Spratt.

Most of the lithographs are black and whites but there are several colored prints and one we saw and didn't get the name down was of three horses which look like Chinese rag dolls. See if you can find the one we mean. The artist has a fine sense of humor.

If you haven't already seen the photographs of the work which is being done on the local project and the San Francisco and Bay Region projects you should also run right up and see them, too. Murals are not only being done with paint but also in mosaic and cut marble inlays, using different types and colored marbles for contrast.

The Gallery is in the Seven Arts Court.

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OW! WHAT A THING TO CALL STEINBECK'S PAISANOS

Marjorie Lloyd found a swell item for us the other day. She was in Bert Heron's book store looking at the new edition of John Steinbeck's first book, "The Cup of Gold." In the jacket blurb was mentioned his best seller, "Tortilla Flat," with its lovable characters—paisanos. "Philosophical vagrants of Carmel Highlands," the blurb called them.

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FRANK LLOYDS TREK OFF TO SANTA CRUZ

The Frank Lloyds, Jennefer, and Frank III, commonly known as "Skipper," will leave for Santa Cruz next Tuesday. Frank will take over the position of sports editor of the Santa Cruz *News*, a daily paper, while the present sports editor, Ben Black, goes on a six-months' vacation. Besides doing a daily column on sports for the paper our "Poet and Peasant" will do general assignments and will be a news service correspondent. This is not new stuff to Frank, he used to be a sports writer on the Montreal *Gazette*. And this moving around is not new to Marjorie, Mrs. Frank. She has an uncommon ability to pack up and go and roost wherever she lands. Best of luck, Lloyds, come back after the summer is over.

\+ + +

Miss Alice Graham is taking her class of fifth grade children to the beach tomorrow for a wienie roast from 11 'til 5 o'clock. Not to eat all that time, of course.

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A cordial welcome to our new neighbor, La Bonita Beauty Shop

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

At the Student Body meeting last Friday all the school committees read their final reports for the year. Bill Coffin, president, presided at the meeting which Mr. Bardarson, the principal, reports to have been one of the best conducted of the year.

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Athletic awards to Seventh and Eighth grade girls for basketball last Friday were as follows:

Seventh grade: B. Douglas, E. Beaton, C. Townsend, D. De Amaral, D. Nixon, E. DeFord, M. Ricketts, M. Rico, A. Guth, E. Cox, M. Strasburger. All Star Seventh grade: H. Wetzel, E. Johnson, V. Grogan, J. Fauntleroy, L. Ramsey, P. Gargiulo.

Eighth grade: M. McDonough, D. Nash, L. Ohm, J. McLaughlin, E. Hart, L. Finn, M. J. Uzzell, J. Klein, E. McEntire, H. Hatton, M. Hoyt, C. Walls. All Star grade: A. Millis, E. A. Wishart, A. Vidoroni, A. Whitman, K. Baggett, J. Warren.

The All Star awards were made on the basis of sportsmanship, cooperation, and playing ability. Congratulations!

+

There will be a baseball game this afternoon after school, at which time the members of the Eighth grade will sell candy in order to make some money for their school gift.

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Just in Case... YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1245. Business licenses, 252.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Police Department —Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carel Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. B. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: Northbound, 7:50 a. m.; south-bound, 9 a. m.; north and south, 9:40 a. m.; north, 1:05 p. m.; north, 4 p. m.; north and south, 6:51 p. m.; south, 10 p. m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a. m.; north and south, 11:10 a. m.; north, 12:09 p. m.; north, 3 p. m.; north and south, 6:58 p. m.; north and south, 7:55 p. m.; south, 9:20 p. m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

Doctors and Wives Hold Forth at Del Monte

Wives of the Doctors attending the recent Medical Association convention at Hotel Del Monte were entertained by the Peninsula Women's Auxiliary in a series of gatherings this week. They started off with a luncheon on Monday followed by a tour of the historical buildings and places in Monterey. In the evening a reception and musicale was arranged by Mrs. H. N. Yates in honor of Mrs. Edward Pallette, wife of the president of the association. Soloists for the evening included Rosalie Haslett, harpist from San Francisco; Gladys Steele, character songs; Dr. Lawrence M. Knox, baritone, and Charles Frisbie, cellist, all of Carmel. Mrs. Yates played the accompaniment.

Tuesday evening the entire group of doctors and wives met at a dinner dance at Hotel Del Monte. The Wednesday program included a trip on the Seventeen-Mile Drive or a golf tournament and in the afternoon the wives were entertained at a musical tea at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

Mrs. Spencer Hoyt was general entertainment chairman for the convention and Mrs. Yates took charge of the music. They were assisted by Mrs. A. A. Arehart, Mrs. John P. Sandholdt, Mrs. John Gratiot, Mrs. William Gratiot, Mrs. R. A. Workman and Mrs. Winton F. Swengal.

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NO TREFFLING ABOUT THIS NEXT COUNTY FAIR

Treffle R. La Senay will be manager for the Monterey County Fair August 12 to 15. La Senay has already started to work on plans for a bigger and better county fair which probably won't be quite as interesting this year as the one in 1936 from the political standpoint, at least we don't think there will be any elections coming off at that time. Or should we have brought that up?

On the other hand, from the wealth of experience which the new manager has had in Chamber of Commerce work and Fresno Raisin Festivals, we can hope for an interesting and entertaining County Carnival. We understand that Treffle is not treffling.

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Classified Ads.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

$3,500 completely furnished, two bedrooms, two baths. Near village and school. Excellent income property. Gladys Kingsland Dixon. Phone 940. Ocean Avenue.

CARMEL WOODS LOT—Fine Location, approximate size 97 x 115, has pines and oaks. Owner will take $800.00 cash for it. This is the best buy we know of in Carmel Woods. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66.

FOR SALE—SIX-ROOM STUCCO HOUSE IN CARMEL. THREE BEDROOMS, TWO BATHS, BIG LIVING ROOM. NICE LOT WITH LAWN, FLOWERS AND SHRUBS. ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM THE OCEAN. DRAWER K, CARMEL.

WHEN YOU SEE Nielson, don't think of Real Estate, but when you think about Real Estate see N. J. Nielson Co., 2439 La Cienega, Los Angeles, where Venice, La Cienega and Adams meet. New houses only, $495 down. If interested in Los Angeles, be sure to see Nielson. Listen to KMTR, station 90, 557 kilocycles, every Wednesday night at 10:30.

5 ACRE RANCH—Carmel Valley, out of the fog, fine soil, plenty of water from well on property, 2-year-old fruit trees, electric pump, small house. Right on Highway. Can give immediate possession. Fine value $4250.00. Small properties on the river side of highway are hard to find. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66.

BUILDING?—Anyone interested in fine construction can see two beautiful homes under way on Hatton Fields Mesa. Look at those foundations Hal Geyer has put in.

CORNER LOT and one adjoining, just off San Carlos street. $1800. See Gladys R. Johnston, Real Estate, Ocean and Lincoln. Telephone 98.

TWO LOTS—250 x 80 in the Eighty Acres. See Gladys R. JOHNSTON, Real Estate. Ocean and Lincoln.

FOR SALE—Two-bedroom house with five lots. Forty large trees. About three blocks from center of town. A good buy. Apply Fourth and Torres streets, Carmel. 1m

WANTED—A couple that can appreciate good construction to see the houses that Hal Geyer is building on Hatton Fields Mesa.

REAL ESTATE WANTED

WANTED TO BUY a two-bedroom house with garage. Preferably under $2,000. State terms and location. No dealers. Address Box L-2, Cymbal.

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT for summer months. Four-bedroom, two-bathroom house amid the pines. Reasonable rental. See Mrs. Douglass at CONLON & THORN, Dolores street. Tel. 707.

FOR RENT or For Sale—House in Carmel Woods. Unobstructed view of Point Lobos and ocean. Four bedrooms, two baths. Double garage. Apply Fourth and Torres or telephone Carmel 1090.

ROOMS FOR RENT

ROOM with twin beds or double bed. Bath. Garage. Private entrance. Two blocks from beach. Breakfast if desired. Address Box L-3, Cymbal.

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

A REALLY VERY NICE business woman wants a small apartment or single cottage by June 1. She would be a permanent tenant. Telephone 697-J evenings.

DOGS

WANT A SWELL DOG? A Great Dane. A Lady. Fawn colored. Young. Marvelous watch dog. Wonderful with children. Fine pedigree. You can have her if you promise a good home. Call Mrs. M. J. Peterson, Carmel 1023.

MISCELLANEOUS

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1169. Marion Karr.

Conrad Imelman, Mrs. Bill Frolli, Joe Catherwood, Helen McLachlan and we have a nifty idea.

How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

Lynda Walks on Sun and Cotton To Stand Before Dudley Carter

Dudley Carter—

When we drove into the enclosure where his cabin stands, the whole ground was spattered with pieces of sun and cotton from the trees. It made a carpet light enough to deaden the sound of our approach, so that we were able to watch him running a big chisel over the suave place just under a woman's breast. An Indian woman; redwood. The woman stood pensively within the embrace of her than and a certitude of sadness in them was not ridiculed by the pieces of cotton like white nigger's wool on their heads. We thought we saw for the first time the mythopoeic quality of these big figures. A loxodromic curvature that lies in with the nature of big trees.

The artist became aware of us slowly, leaving his tools in a reluctant idleness; suspicious of our intention. But the sun was leaving off its patterning, too, and we did not feel intrusive.

For 17 years he had been a forest cruiser. Not living in shelters as animals do, but wherever the sun went down. "No, not a forest ranger. We call forest rangers the boy scouts of the woods. They live in cabins. No. Not that. A forest cruiser lives in the woods because he must know all the trees. He must be able to make charts and maps for the big bosses back in the cities so they will know just where to put their saw mills without having to put on boots. He must be able to look at a stand of timber and know how good it is."

"How?" we asked.

"By pieces of rot on the trunk; by knots; by fallen trees. He must be sure when they are well. He must have been many years acquainted with trees."

We pictured him, riding the woods of British Columbia. Always looking at trees. There, where the big firs stand the sun comes sparingly through. Shadows have a sort of gargantuan grotesquerie. They throw themselves against the bodies of the trees, giving themselves substance for their bland orgasms. They stand against the wood, moving a little, for a moment sculptured there. They make statues for an artist's eye to see.

"I did, first, a little thing. Only three feet high. Then I felt I could go on."

We had come, however, to see the house he is building for himself and his wife and child. "There," he said, "is the door."

The door stands forthright twelve feet high and the thickness of a giant's fist. A woman and child are on it—the child beneath the woman's heart, as if gestant there, yet a trifle amused at its plight. The woman, serene. Our idea of a house door went bang. Then we saw the model for the new house.

It is to be such a dwelling as the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands builded for themselves. Fifty feet wide at the front and thirty or so feet deep. Made of hewn redwood timbers, put together with great wooden pegs. The model is beautiful. All the pieces come apart like a collapsible doll's house, the pegs slipping in and out. The house itself will be movable—as the Indians moved theirs from fishing ground, to hunting ground and back.

In the center of the front is this great door. The Haida Indians built their totem pole in this form, making the lower half of the pole the house entrance. Standing beside the already cut door, is the upper part of the totem. A small bear. When the door is put in place, the wise and complacent bear will be hoisted on top and look down fatheringly on all who come.

"Is there a story about it?" we asked.

"Each man makes his own story. No. I haven't made a story. There are the mother and child. That's all."

But there is also the amusing bear, whose very spirit is the forest; who sits looking at the big trees contemplatively; who takes them in his embrace and is familiar with them; who goes into their hearts for sweet sustenance; and to their roots for wine. Years of forest cruising are carven into his eyes, which seem as brown and clear as those of the artist himself. It is doubtless customary for the head of the house to be symbolized at the top of his totem pole.

If you will go in to the right where the cottages are, just before you get to the cement bridge over the Carmel River, you will be able to see all this late in the afternoon when the artist will have finished his work. Children should go, and be put straight on the simplicities of making a house. Here is a man who carries something fine and monadical about him, as he will carry that fine big house.

—Lynda Sargent

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The Schumann Heink Memorial Fund Tea, given by and at the American Legion Club last Sunday, was a successful and enjoyable affair. The hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. Rush Wallace, Mrs. William Bensberg, Mrs. Martin Jonas Peterson, Mrs. L. E. Gottfried and Mrs. W. T. Davidson.

\+ + +

Helen McLachlan, Mrs. Bill Frolli, Joe Catherwood, Conrad Imelman and we have an exceptional idea. It may not come to anything, but it's a great idea.

Percy May Feed 'Em But Not Drink 'Em

We can't figure out exactly whether Percy Parkes won or got beaten, but suffice it to say that he walked out of the city council meeting Wednesday night with a restaurant license all but in his right hand pocket after having threatened to snake our legislative body into court and after also telling City Attorney Argyll Campbell in just so many words that he was "all wet."

Argyll didn't like it a bit to be called "all wet" and after fruitlessly demanding to know from Percy why he was so saturated, he asked the council for a recess and took the said Mr. Parkes out into the hall.

Nothing came of it. That is, something did come of it, but not what you have suspected. Argyll came back into the room, talked Chief of Police Norton into giving Percy a restaurant license for $8, got the council to accept a withdrawal of Percy's application for a transfer of the present license held at his property on Monte Verde street, and generally smoothed matters out to such a point that probably by now the city attorney is up on dry land as far as Parkes is concerned.

But this all didn't come about until it was perfectly evident to Percy that he was NOT to get a transfer of the present restaurant license because the council suspected him of wanting to get a liquor license and it was intent that he should not get a liquor license. It appears that without fuss or bother he could get a liquor license if he got possession of the present, or present until Wednesday night, restaurant license. But with a new restaurant license, which he had to apply for yesterday, a liquor license would involve getting the consent of something like 75 per cent of surrounding property owners, and such.

But Parkes finally convinced the council he didn't want a liquor license—had lost $13,000, according to his own figures, on the recent one—and the council then gave him the privilege of starting an eating place. He will.

It Looks Very Much As If This Year's P-T. A. Carnival Will Be a Wow

"Gee, look at the clowns! Oh, boy, soda pop and hot dogs and look at the ponies! Duncha wish yer ma would buy one of those swell cakes for dinner tonight. Bet I could eat that whole one in one meal . . . aw I could, too. Let's go look at the freak show in the fifth-grade room."

And no reason why you shouldn't get all excited too . . . the Sunset Parent-Teacher Carnival will be just one week from today—Friday, May 14. There will be a parade with children in costume, with doll buggies and bicycles and cowboy suits and all sorts of different national costumes. All the students will meet at the school at 1 o'clock and then march along Ninth street to Lincoln, up Lincoln to Ocean, then to San Carlos and back to the school where there will be booths and entertainment and a food sale and side shows and a book stall. Oh, yes, and candy, too.

The school band will play in the auditorium and—don't miss this announcement!—there will be a jitney dance in the lunch room, with the Del Monte orchestra furnishing the music.

Mrs. Mary K. Frolli, president of the P-T.A., has sent out letters to the parents asking for donations to the food booths and to the book stall. Perhaps you may have something you would like to contribute even if you have no young 'uns at the school. Call Mrs. Eugene Watson at 362 if you would like to have some books or better class magazines picked up. The money from the Carnival will go toward the School Library.

COMMUNITY CENTER SCENE OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S DANCE

A group of youngsters gathered for a dance last Thursday night, April 29, at the Monterey Peninsula Community Center on Laine street in New Monterey, under the supervision of Mrs. Stella Mather, head of the WPA Recreational Project Social activities. The music was furnished by the WPA 'swing' band and the youngsters invited their older brothers and sisters making a total of 110 present at the dance. The group was so enthusiastic about the evening's entertainment that they expressed a wish to have the dances every two weeks instead of once a month.

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ADVERTISERS

We are ready to give you details as to space and rates in the Bach Festival Edition of The Cymbal which will be issued Friday, July 16. You will want to be represented in this issue which will prove to have been the most beautiful edition ever produced by a Carmel or, in fact, by any California weekly newspaper. Write us for details and do it soon. Copy for advertisements must be in our hands not later than June 15. Address The Cymbal, Box 1800, Carmel

Friday
July 16
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THIRD ANNUAL
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